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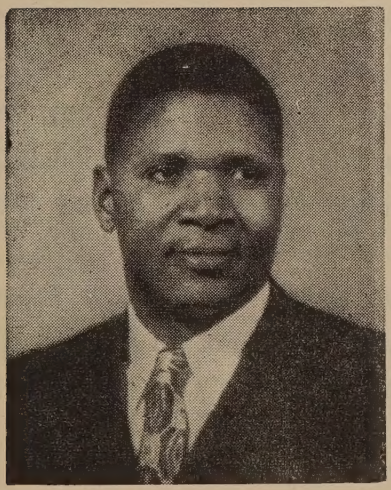
Congo News Letter

SEPTEMBER 1956



MR. REMY MALUTAMA

1920 - 1956

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CONGO NEWS LETTER

Vol. XLVIII SEPTEMBER 1956 No. 3

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Published Quarterly by the Missionaries of the A.B.F.M.S.

Subscription price 75 cents a year; 3 years or 3 subscriptions for $2.00. Subscriptions may be sent to Treasurer, A.B.F.M.S., 152 Madison Ave., New York 16, N.Y. Subscription price in Congo 35 francs. Address correspondence to Editor C.N.L., B. P. 4728, Leopoldville 2, Belgian Congo.

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CONGO'S LOSS: REMY MALUTAMA

ONE day near the end of May, Congolese, missionaries and many Europeans were shocked to hear over the radio an announcement of the death of Remy Malutama, who had only recently returned from Belgium after winning his diploma as *Regent Littéraire* at the State Normal School at Nivelles. At the time of his death he was director of the Secondary School at Banza Manteke. Being one of the only two Congolese ever to have gained his "regency", the unexpected cutting off of so promising a young life brought expressions of shock and sympathy from government officials, missionaries and friends in all parts of the Colony, Belgium and America. Many felt, as did Dr. Catharine L. Mabie, "..... It seems to us that any Missionary now on the field or in active Congo Service could better have been lost to Congo than Remy ....." Yet they would also agree with her when she said, "We cannot see or understand but our Lord cares even much more for that work than even we do, and out of this calamity He will surely bring forth justification and fruitage for His Congo Church."

Undoubtedly the two people most responsible for inspiring and helping Remy Malutama to become what he did were his father, Tata Josué Malutama, outstanding mission worker and pastor for over 50 years, and the woman who became a second mother to him, Miss Mary Bonar, educational missionary at Banza Manteke since 1927.

Remy Malutama was born at Banza Manteke on January 28, 1920. He did his primary schooling at Banza Manteke and Sona Mpangu. It was as a bright and active 7 year-older who loved to sing that Miss Bonar first noticed him when — as a new missionary just learning the Kikongo language — she was put in charge of the Sunday School. But he remained just one of many lovable youngsters to her until he reached the fourth grade. At that time he was overgrown, intelligent, lacking self-assurance and looking for approval and Mary Bonar became interested in him for his father's sake, giving him extra school work and certain responsibilities. She soon found he was very worth while on his own.

He was put in the choir; and was made responsible for the school library books. He read them all. Among them the story of Aggrey had great influence on his life. He read it first in French then later in English, and eventually translated it into Kikongo. Another was the story of Booker T. Washington. His life and the symbolical statue at Tuskeegee of the lifting of the veil of ignorance from the black race, was a picture which Remy kept always before him.

Even as a young boy, whenever Remy could make a little money around the mission station, he would take it to Miss Bonar and beg her to buy books with it for him. Biographies and history were his favorites. Historical characters seemed as real to him as present day people. He spoke of Napoleon or Ulysses as if they were neighbors.

The way for this bright young lad was not always easy; he was impatient and at two different times was going to leave school because of some criticism or other. Yet on the whole he was optimistic and cheerful and it was a tonic to others to have him around.

He completed his primary studies and then taught for four years, before going on to the Monitor's (Teacher's) school at Kimpese where he completed the four -year course in 1946. He came back to Banza Manteke to become the head-teacher — he had matured into an excellent teacher with rare qualities of leadership. A hard worker himself, he was able to get others to enjoy working. He was also a devout Christian whose religion was incorporated into his every day living.

Two years after completing his studies at Kimpese, he was given the opportunity of studying at the mission school IEM at Libamba in the French Cameroons. His three years of study there enabled him to pass the French government exam to win the diploma of "Instituteur." Happily his wife and children were able to be with him during two of his years in the Cameroons. He completed another year as head teacher in the Banza Manteke school and then, an A.B.F.M.S. scholarship enabled him to enter the "Ecole Normale de l'Etat" at Nivelles, Belgium. It meant a three-year separation from his wife, Louise, and his five children but they were willing to make the sacrifice in order that

he should be better prepared for the task to which he felt God had called him. Louise took on the job not only of being both father and mother to her children, but also became a teacher in the Girls School in order to support them while their father was away. (She has a pedagogical certificate to teach in the lower grades.) Louise did, however, have the pleasure of a two-months' trip to Belgium when her husband was graduated and they visited Baptist churches in several countries of Europe and also attended the Baptist World Alliance meetings in London. During his entire three years in Belgium, Remy had been a frequent speaker in Protestant churches there — and was also a constant source of help to the A.B.F.M.S. missionaries studying in Brussels.

At Nivelles, Remy Malutama was the only Congolese in his class but he did honor to all Congolese by being always among the first. He finished his studies with *Grande Distinction* and received the diploma of *Régent Littéraire*. He had become well known amongst the people of Nivelles and at the graduation exercices the Mayor of the town presented to him a library of books worth about four thousand francs in recognition of his achievements and the friendship of the people of the town.

While still in Belgium Remy was offered an interesting and well-paid job with the government — he had several other offers after coming home — but he wrote in English to Miss Bonar:

> "Let me assure you once more that I have consecrated my life to my Lord's and my people's service. I have had such fine examples of consecration in my beloved father and yourself. I am determined to follow in my father's footsteps and carry on your work. That is why I came to Europe — to be better prepared for the task that lies ahead. I won't fail you.

Returning to Congo, he was given the direction of the B. M. Secondary school but he was only there for five months. In March he became ill with filaria and after a few days treatment with hetrozan, he blacked out and was in a coma for some days. He never really recovered. He was treated at Kimpese and at Kibunzi. The last week he developed a high fever that nothing would break. On Friday before he died, he asked friends present

to read something in the Psalms for him. He then repeated the latter part of the twenty-third Psalm,"... though walkd through the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no Evil for Thou art with me...." Later in the day he said to his sister, "I have seen the Lord Jesus." They were the last words he ever spoke. On the Sunday following, he went to be with the One whom he had seen.

— R· U.

THE BEST KNOWLEDGE

By Remy Malutama

FOR years, I dreamed of attaining a higher degree of instruction to be of greater utility to my country as a teacher. But, to arrive at this goal, it was necessary twice to leave my own beloved country for a stay abroad, far from my family.

It was thus that in 1948, I went to the French Cameroons and then to Belgium in 1952. In the latter country I received my diploma for teaching in secondary education.

What a joy for me to have attained my goal ! But an even greater satisfaction, was to have arrived at a better knowledge of my Savior, Jesus Christ. For in fact, never before had I felt so close to him. Always with me, his presence guided me in the life of all the days. In happiness or in difficulty, Jesus was my unfailing companion.

Each time a Christian journeys, he has this experience : the name of Jesus knows no frontiers and his kingdom extends everywhere. Before him, the barriers of color, of language.... fall. How many times I felt completely at home with the Belgians, or with the Swiss or the English, simply because we were united by the love of Christ.

Returning to my native country after three years of absence, I am struck by all the progress realised in all domaines : commerce, industry, urbanization... But I also well note that, in spite of all the notable changes, the Congo has still a pressing need for a better knowledge of Christ.

This knowledge is still the most solid foundation, the only hope of this country.

—(*Envol, translated from the French*)

HELLO, CONGO

By Norman and Jean Abell

IT was 6:30 p.m. and completely dark when the train finally slowed to a stop at the Sona Bata station, marked by a lantern or two in the blackness. We lifted Soundscriber, radio, bags, boxes, and two children down to the cinders and started for the lantern, wondering whether this really was our station. No one, including us, had known exactly when we were coming, so naturally no one had come down to meet us. The excitement began, though, when Norm said to the station master, "I'm the new doctor for the mission hospital." We had heard those would be magic words. They were.

It seemed a long time that we waited on a bench outside the station, trying to talk French to the giggling girls and silent women who waited there for the next train, wondering if those were Anopheles mosquitoes or Culex biting us. Finally a beautiful blue station wagon arrived, full of Roland Metzger, Jim Clark, and Esther Greenmun. We all piled in and started up the hill to our new home. "Our house" was dark, having developed a short circuit in our honor, but on the lawn stood the whole population of the hospital — nurses, patients, and families, men, women, and children. The soft Congo night rang with their singing. Then the four of us got out, said thank you with our one Kikongo word —"Ntondele" — and started shaking hands—an impulsive idea doomed to failure—just too many hands.

Then began the overwhelming welcome by the missionaries. The station wagon drove up to Esther Greenmun's front door, where Lillian Metzger and her sons, June Clark, a bunch of bananas, and a lovely supper awaited us. Every meal for the next week and more, including breakfasts, we were invited to a missionary home. What a quantity of good food we tucked away! That night Esther showed us around the doctor's house. We had expected it to be bare and empty. Instead we found four made beds, chairs and dining table with a cloth, a newly painted kitchen and every corner scrubbed spotless.

We had wondered how we could ever get up at 5:30 a.m.

We found out the next morning. If the roosters on your lawn and veranda don't succeed, the women sweeping the lawn and paths with their twig brooms will do it. It is a moving experience to step out the door and have a wrinkled old woman come up, grasp your hands, kneel down—her expression of the general enthusiasm for a doctor after a year of being without one. For days people we met on the station paths would say, "Thank you, thank you," and give the general idea, "Everything's going to be wonderful now that you're here." What expectations to live up to!

Congo held several delightful surprises: its greenness, its beauty, the wonderful climate of Sona Bata that makes you think you're on summer vacation all the time—sweater-cool morning in dry season; hot, sunny afternoons; crashing thunderstorms; balmy, moon-enchanted evenings. We discovered to our joy that keeping grass cut discourages snakes, that the little lizards that enjoy your hospitality are really cute, that the enormous local brand of cockroach confines himself mostly to the storeroom, that the big pink spiders aren't poisonous. We revel in huge avocados, grapefruit, and green tangerines, bananas a penny apiece, papayas, pineapples, little pink guavas, and—shades of an American August!—sweet corn, white and tender and less than a penny an ear.

Yes, Congo is a pleasant place to live. But of course it's people who make a place what it is. We were amazed on our arrival to find scads of letters pouring in —a welcome from every busy missionary. Then there are the Congolese—the problems and the possibilities, the sorrows and successes of the mission work. It's hard to see how Sona Bata could work without big Tata Kimpiatu, in charge of the dispensary, and little Tata Tsiebele, director of the *école ordinaire* and beloved teacher of the fourth year *sélectionné*—to say nothing of Tata Mpanzu, pastor of the station church, whose broad shoulders carry more sorts of burdens than we know. One of our special friends is Tata Makangu, the smiling young nurse who gives us Kikongo lessons eight hours a week and gets up in the middle of the night to assist Norm with Caesarian sections.

This mission field is not all sunshine and hibiscus or moon-

light and roses, however. As our boat docked at Matadi, we learned that one of our doctor was not coming back. In the background of our first impressions of Congo rang the continual question: What do we do with three doctors on the field and seven hospitals? What will we do when A. C. (Dr. Osterholm) retires? There are warnings of how missionaries can be broken in body or mind or spirit by a load too big for them, not just of work but of responsibility and anxiety, sometimes misunderstanding and resentment by co-workers. We see too the conflicts set up in the Congolese by the too-sudden transition from primitive village life to quasi-European civilization, with its disruption of family life, tribal customs, and economy. Since our arrival, all Bas-Congo, it seems, has been saddened by the illness and death of Remy Malutama. Teachers have threatened to walk out if their salaries were not raised immediately. One of our five graduate nurses is incapacitated by mental illness. So our introduction to Congo has been many-sided, showing us both opportunities and our dependence on Him who is greater than all the powers of Satan.

After a month's *stage* at Kimpese and a little time in Léo, Norm settled down to the work here. It is as hard as they said it would be to find time for language study, even though he is adamant about confining surgery to emergencies. The amount of routine paper work and supervision is discouraging, as everywhere. Each new notebook, screw, bottle of penicillin has to be handed out personally by the missionary. Every time a Congolese travels he has to have a special paper—signed by the missionary. And even though the nurses screen patients, give routine care, and take a good deal of responsibility, there are always rounds to make, patients to examine, treat, and discharge. When relatives die—and there are so many relatives!—it is the missionary who must decide in the final analysis whether a nurse, a teacher, a workman may go home to his village for the funeral. Just now Norm has given up language study for a few days to spend more time with the student *aides-infirmiers* before the government doctor comes to examine them.

At Kimpese we saw identical new houses going up for missionaries and top Congolese nurses. Our big, old-fashioned,

veranda-enclosed house is a far cry from the neat but small, concrete, wooden-shuttered houses of our nurses. Our "identification" so far has been confined to eating as much indigenous food as possible—but not caterpillars! .....

The factual excellence of American Baptist Publication materials on Congo is amazing. These village could have stepped right out of the second year primary activity sheets—complete with *Kisu* and *Mwisu* for pounding manioc, red peppers, peanuts, etc., women with loads on their heads, children with babies on their backs, and tall, thin palm trees.

Going to church here is a thrilling experience, even though we don't yet understand what is said. We love the church buildings—the plain brick structure at Sona Bata, with its attractive pulpit furniture, the beautiful, open brick and stone sanctuary at Kimpese. Even four-year-old Bobby finds the sermons interesting, with all those expressive gestures, and asks what they're about. Our first Sunday here two babies were dedicated, Selma Jean Clark and a tiny Congolese. Perhaps the most striking thing about church is neither the rows of white-uniformed students not the lovely singing of the young people's choirs but the way *everyone* prays, easily and reverently.

This is the Congo that has welcomed us. As we write this, we have been at Sona Bata eleven weeks. We have belonged here since that first lamp-lit evening. It is our prayer that we may fulfill the hopes of the missionaries and Congolese who looked forward to our coming, that we may be worthy of the glorious train who preceded us, the brothers who look to us for help, and the Christ who sent us here and goes before us all the way.

SOMETHING NEW

A Young Canadian Miss Marion Simmons, is slated to be Congo's first "short-term" missionary, though she hopes three years "may not be the end of the story." Her degree in French language and literature from a French University makes this assignment practicable with only "Kikongo" left to learn.

MEDICAL CONTRASTS

By G. W. Tuttle, M. D.

IT was a great privilege to be able to visit India to attend the Biennial Conference of the Christian Medical Association of India and the first Asian Conference of Christian Medical Workers which followed. Since there were two meetings held at the Christian Medical College of Vellore, opportunity was also provided to visit it and its associated hospital. Following are a few of the observations made during my trip.

While India itself is reputed as being a country of contrasts and while there are certain similarities between India and Congo, there are also many noteworthy differences.

POPULATION. Whereas the areas of the two countries are practically the same, India has more than 20 times the population of the Belgian Congo (including Ruanda-Urundi). In India almost every square foot of tillable land is under cultivation whereas in the Congo there are wide expanses of land still unused.

DIET. Because of the teeming millions relatively minor weather upsets, such as floods or droughts, frequently cause famines in India which are relatively rare in Congo. On the other hand marginal vitamin and protein (kwashiorkor) deficiencies are prevalent in both countries. Proteins in particular are inadequate in the Indian diet because all animals, especially the cow, are considered sacred by certain Hindu castes and consequently infrequently slaughtered by even the Christians or Moslems for fear of Hindu protestation. (It is reported that the cow population is greater than the human population.) On the other hand in Congo, sleeping sickness has prevented the keeping of cattle in most areas. Only recently have some missions and commercial companies been able to combat this and develop herds which can help to supply meat to whites and Congolese alike.

DISEASES. Many diseases are common to both countries, such as intestinal parasites, malaria, filariasis, leprosy, respiratory infections including tuberculosis (which is on the increase in Congo) venereal diseases (80% of the women in one area in India), protein and vitamin deficiencies. On the other hand one is struck in India by the numerous cases of eye disease, especially cataracts, peptic ulcers which frequently rupture, cancers, particularly of the face due to the chewing of the betel nut together with lime juice, and secondary anemias with the hemoglobin going as low as 10 and even 5%. Strangulated hernias, ectopic pregnancies and typhoid fever seem more prevalent in India than in Congo but there is, of course, no African sleeping sickness.

INDIGENOUS MEDICINE. Much of the Indian indigenous medicine is Ayuvedic and consists in the use of herbs without an accurate knowledge of the strength of the preparations or the dosage required to obtain a cure, resembling in this way various remedies used by the Congo witch doctor. Like the Congolese, many of the Indians are animistic, putting an implicit faith in evil spirits and their production of disease and the ability of their doctors to bring about cures.

SCIENTIFIC MEDICAL WORKERS. In Indian there is one doctor to 7,500 people compared with one to 30,000 in the Congo. However, this advantage is partially offset by a tendancy of the Indian doctors to better themselves rather than raise the general level of health of the whole population by drifting to the towns and leaving only 15% of the doctors to serve the rural areas where 85% of the people live. Dr. Hilda Lazarus, prominent Christian doctor, states that this is due to a lack of the spirit of Christ.

The Christian Medical College of Vellore *is* making an outstanding contribution in the propagation of the spirit of Christ through its graduates. A 60 bed rural hospital is being erected on the college campus (in addition to the regular 600 bed hospital) to serve a neighboring village with a population of 30,000. Upon

admission each student will be assigned two families, one with an expectant mother and another with a member suffering from a chronic ailment, he will which be expected to follow during his full four years training. He will visit the families once a week, studying the family situation medically, sociologically, economically and religiously—giving advice, help and health education as well as striving to win the members to Christ as Saviour. .... This training will acquaint him with the serious medical needs of the rural areas and prepare him to cope with them when he finally launches out on his own practice, presumably in the country.

The lack of nurses in India is even more serious than that of doctors as there is only one to 40,000 compared with one to 2,500 in the United States and one to 10,000 in the Congo. Of the nurses in India, 80 % have been trained in mission hospitals.

CHRISTIAN MEDICAL EDUCATION. It was a great surprise to find that in India schools of scientific medicine have been training doctors for over 100 years — while in the Congo there is as yet not a single medical school ...

The Christian Medical College of Vellore is an amazing institution. Its attached hospital has 600 beds, in which can be found practically every type of disease. There is a staff of 159 doctors, only 31 of which are non-Indian and 140 graduate nurses, only 9 of which are from the outside. There are 258 medical students, about half of which are women, and 200 nursing students, only 5 of which are men.

In Congo as stated, there are no medical schools, and only three recognized schools (Mission) of nursing, one of which is at Kimpese. Candidates are still required to have only 6 years of schooling, though this will probably soon be increased to seven. It is hoped in the near future at Kimpese to start the training of Assistants Medicaux (about half-way between a nurse and a doctor) but it cannot be done with the present staff, which this past year consisted of two doctors, three missionary nurses and one laboratory technician.

YET WE CANNOT BE SAD

By Chester Scott

TODAY is Saturday, August 18th. The last twenty-four hours have been as difficult as I would like to think life will ever be.

All of the Congo missionaries are gathered at Banza Manteke to resolve the many grave problems that face our mission. Banza Manteke is "Home" to my wife Dolores and me. Here we spent our first year in answer to the call that our Savior gave to us. Here we met and came to love Virginia Nickerson the pretty young nurse who heads up the mission hospital, leper colony, district dispensaries, station and district baby clinics, the maternity work et al.

Mary Bonar took us into her home, taught us the language of the *Bakongo*, had our clothes washed, meals prepared and a thousand other niceties until our freight caught up with us several months after our arrival. Not that she had ever an extra moment. She didn't. Mary is head of several schools of close to a thousand students — from the 5 year olders up to Secondary or teachers' training school. With many African teachers to check on and help with class preparation every day, she taught in classes of each school. During the months at B.M. she became to us the sweetest "Aunt Mary" anyone ever had.

To complete this wonderful family you would first and last have to know the "Daddy" of Banza Manteke. Martin Engwall came to Congo before many of our new missionaries were born. His wife, Ruth, is so much a part of the "Boss" that I had never thought of them as being two people. Their happy lives had moulded into just one. All the Evangelistic work in this tremendous B.M. field was the Engwall's first responsibility — plus the work of the district schools; the women's work; the station girls' schools of over 300 girls. Yet an African never wanted to talk to Engwalls who was made to wait until the missionary had time for him.

You can't know the joy of our coming back to B.M. for Conference. We couldn't help being home-sick and the happiness we felt in returning was echoed by our "family" here at B.M. For several days we helped to prepare the station for the 60 mission-

aries and delegates plus children who swarmed upon us early this week. It was a time of happiness, especially for our "Mom" and "Daddy" who were enjoying their last conference before returning to America in February to end a 32 year missionary career and to have a longed-for reunion with the four daughters who had made them grandparents 11 times.

Twenty-four hours ago the evening meal was climaxed by presenting birthday cakes to two of the group. After the inevitable, "Happy Birthday to You," a lusty voice led out with "Skinamarink — a — dink-a-dink, we love you." It was Martin at his best with a song brought back by his girls from Missionaries' Kids School at Lubondai.

The evening meal over we met for our regular evening conference session. Just as the meeting adjourned at 10:00 p.m., the doctor was hastily called. Martin had suffered a heart attack. Ten minutes later I was at the bedside with things requested by the doctor just to hear him say, "I am terribly sorry; he is gone."

Part of the night I sat in prayer with Tata Lubikulu, the African pastor of our Léopoldville church. He told me how much Martin's life had meant to him personally; of its influence on the lives of his people.

The next morning was spent in the Carpenter shop working with and witnessing to the group of people I as mission builder, am closest to — Tata Inoki, head workman, Nsimba, Malenswa and the others .... All the many mahogany boards had to be planed by hand, straightened, joined and cut. This simple coffin must be the best we'd ever made. We had no more than started when Congolese carpenters from every village began arriving at the shop. Twenty of them were assigned jobs; dozens more could only pay their respect by their presence.

Phil Uhlinger took charge of the many details. The women decorated the church; kept a delegation to witness to the hundreds who poured in from the villages. Aunt Mary made a beautiful white lining for the case. Lewis Brown and Tata Lubikulu prepared for the Service. Everyone was thankful to find a task with which to busy his hands.

By five p.m. the simple services in the church and at the grave were finished ..... the service with it's note of hope and

even happiness because Martin had now received the reward which Christ had promised. As we turned back toward our houses, the long line of loved ones stretched from the hill-top half a mile into the beautiful station.

Now we are facing the first quiet hour of this day ... A time when our bodies must slow down and allow our thought processes to come a-breast. Now we feel the deep loss of our great friend; our wisest counselor. Yet this quiet fails to render me sad. I am too thankful for having known and worked with Martin. I am too thankful for the promise that one day we can meet again if I can live my life as Martin lived his. Martin had prepared for tomorrow's communion service a challenge to the new missionaries ... "Identify yourselves with the Congolese. Learn to love them and treat them as your own brothers and sisters ... if you are to win them to Christ. Learn to work *with* them and not for them; think *with* and not for them; and pray with them not only for them." That is his challenge which we are privileged to carry out.

Now that we have time to be quiet, we cannot be sad.

CONGO REVISITED

By H. Wakelin Coxill

Mr. Coxill is a former Secretary of the Congo Protestant Council—from 1933 to 1946—and is at present the Protestant representative of the C.P.C. in Belgium.

In revisiting the Congo one is immediately impressed by the remarkable material progress that is everywhere apparent in the Colony, especially in the large cities. Costly buildings, beautiful new residential districts, tremendous industrial activity and new and better transport facilities by road, rail, river and air have completely transformed the Congo in recent years.

Nor is this material progress confined to the white population, but is shared by hundreds of thousands of Africans. More and better houses are being built by the thousand by them and for them in all the administrative and commercial centers and also in many rural areas. More and better schools are being built everywhere with amazing rapidity. The medical and social services now being provided are among the best in the world while Government and private enterprises seek with unflagging energy to make them even more efficient as they reach out to the most isolated villages. .... Conversations with the Governor General and others enabled me to realise by what I heard as well as by what I saw how sincerely the Government is pursuing its ambitious program in raising as quickly as possible the standards of living of the entire population. The Government is strongly opposed to racial discrimination and its policy is already bearing fruit.

In the work of our missions I was also struck by evident signs of remarkable progress almost everywhere. In one territory which I had crossed on foot in 1924 when the people were very pagan and before we had a single mission station, Church, school or hospital there, I now found eleven very active mission stations with thousands of Church members, crowded schools and hospitals that are doing a splendid work.

The standard of our Educational Work has been greatly raised in recent years. Hundreds of our missionaries who have special qualifications and who have spent at least a year in

Belgium are engaged in this important and exacting work.

There are about 1.709.000 children of school age in the Colony and some 1.258.000 are actually attending school. There are about 450.000 for whom no schools at present exist — Catholic, Protestant or Lay. I was delighted to see during my visit some very fine and large Protestant schools for women and girls. Such schools are urgently needed as the total number of girls attending school in the Congo is only 250.000.

It was my pleasure to attend mission staff meetings when Africans met on an equal footing with the missionaries and outnumbered their white brethren, to attend meetings of pastors when the majority have been Congolese and the discussions have been conducted in French. I have seen Africans as full staff members at some of our very best schools and have seen with what skill and Christian compassion men and women are now serving in so many of our hospitals and dispensaries. At the splendid Union Hospital at Kimpese where Doctors Tuttle and Price are doing such remarkable work and where there are now more than 100 buildings, large and small, I saw an African in charge of a large modern X-ray apparatus and Congo men making surgical appliances to help the lame to walk. I had the great joy of being present at the C.P.C. meeting when it was decided that there would be Africans as full voting members in the future and that they would be eligible for election as officers of the Council.

Monsieur Disengomoka, who had been with us in Belgium for three years when he obtained his diploma as Regent, was among the Africans who kindly invited me to their homes. I was sorry I did not have an opportunity of seeing Monsieur Remy Malutama also.

I thank God that the last time I was called on to speak in Congo during my visit and perhaps the last time I shall be able to use an African language, was to address the eight hundred and more students at the Ecole de Pasteurs et Instituteurs at Kimpese. The future of the Church of Christ in Congo will, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, be largely in the hands of such as these.

EXAM TIME AT E.P.I.

By Virginia Lee Hjertstedt

THE alarm rings an hour earlier. I struggle out of bed, turn on the light and try to wake up enough to get ready for the first exam which starts at 6 a.m. I see students going by on the road. Some are busily studying as they walk to class, trying to get some last minute fact crammed into their heads; others are laughing and joking — trying to cover up the fact that they're scared too, while still others team up to ask each other questions over the material as they walk along. They have been up since the "second or third chicken" and are very much awake.

I arrive at the classroom and wait a little until everyone is ready to settle down. One of the students leads in prayer. The first part asking for guidance and clear minds is appreciated by all but as the minutes allotted for the test tick past and he begins to pray for the sick people at the hospital, the Christians in other lands and other interests around the world, sounds of feet shuffling and breaths being drawn through the teeth tell him he had better bring his prayer to a close as some would like to get on with the exam.

I read the questions over and the exam begins. Some boys write with 8 cent pens, some with 80 cent ones. All are nervous. *Witness*, *Gift of God*, *Happiness*, and *Stranger* write their names at the top of their papers and begin to think. Witness discovers his pen is empty; Happiness watches a chicken on the road and cracks his knuckles unconsciously. Stranger bends to his task and scratches away at the answer that will indicate his work for this semester, then absent-mindedly wipes his pen point in his hair. These exams are all important for they are steps on the way to becoming teacher or pastor — or they can be the stumbling block that means one more potential full-time worker has been left by the wayside.

I walk up and down the aisles to see that everyone is on the right track and re-read question after question for individuals — not because they can't read or don't understand but they just want to be assured that they've read it correctly. Some try to ask

me if their answers are right and some would crane their necks just a bit in the slight hope of a glimpse of another's paper, but soon everyone discovers that he knows something and starts to write. I return to my table to grade yesterday's papers.

At 7:00 a.m. I am relieved for breakfast by another professor. I hurry home to grapefruit, oatmeal, milk, bread and jam and in thirty minutes have eaten, written a letter and returned to my class. As I re-enter some students are stretching; others are rubbing their necks, and on the face of one or two is a look of complete discouragement as they realize they did not study enough or the right thing.

Some finish and the papers begin to come in; there is a rush outside to look at notebooks and books. Several boys beam when they realize their answers were pretty good; others become more discouraged as they hunt and hunt in their books for the answers they used and don't find them.

After all exams are over they must wait about two weeks before they get their *bulletin*. There are those who are proud of their achievements; some vow they will do better next time; some have done so badly there won't be a "next time", and some search out their professors with the old refrain, " You must have made a mistake —."

Perhaps one doesn't think of the giving of exams as a part of the missionary task. Yet many of us are teachers and follow much the same classroom schedule here as teachers everywhere except for a six-day week (not counting Sunday services) and 220 day school year. We have the added difficulty of using two foreign languages and sparse material at times. But we have the added joy and privilege of working the Christian message into all our classroom subjects and of being able to guide each pupil every day and in all aspects of his life as he lives at the mission during his school term — working, playing and worshiping in a Christian atmosphere. The opportunity for winning him to Christ and training him for His service is thus practically unlimited.

WE ARE NOT HYPOCRITES

By B. W. Armstrong

LAST Sunday we had a very happy time in our morning church service. The Murray Sharp family has arrived to work in Leopoldville, and this was a welcome service for them. The different departments of the church and school had chosen speakers to represent them. The church moderator, John Batoba, opened the meeting. He is a large, portly man with a wonderful command of the Kikongo language and the ability to take the whole congregation right along with him when he speaks. He called Murray, Marjorie and little Steven up to the platform where they had to stand through the whole ceremony. Steven has not yet arrived at the age where he puts social graces ahead of tired feet, so he just sat down when he got tired, but that did not bother the African friends at all. Batoba spoke for our whole Christian community here in Leo West.

There were speakers representing the school children, the teachers, the choir, the medical department, and the women's group. Banwamisa, who spoke for the women, made by far the longest speech, frequently referred to her notes, did some repeating, but what she said came from the hearts of all of us. She is the one who said "We are not hypocrites". This was in connection with the difficulties that have to be faced here. We welcome our new friends to our hearts, to our homes, to our church, and to the joys of Christian service; but we cannot say that it will all be fun. In fact, a lot of it is going to be difficult and even discouraging. She mentioned the need of service being rendered in the spirit of Christ even when those being served do not have that same spirit.

Then the pastor closed by presenting Sharps with the necessary papers which will enable them to avoid trouble with the police around the city. Here every one has to carry an identity card, this is true for Europeans as well as for the Congolese. But within the city an extra card is required of the Africans, complete with photograph and the government visa to show that they are properly registered. Facsimiles of the passbook and the identity

card had been prepared, with pictures, names, addresses, all sorts of information. Murray was cautioned not to be found without his identification. He was also presented with a card identifying him with the church. The card is used to register the weekly offerings of a church member. The fact that we sorely need a new church building was mentioned, and a small packet of envelopes marked "T" (for temple) was presented. Our church members are making their contributions to the needed new church by way of these T envelopes.

Afterwards Murray spoke for the family, making use of his newly acquired Kikongo. There is a great need here in this rapidly developing city and the Sharps will find outlets for every type of service they can render. Their main job will be with the school, but there is women's work, village work, and other things that will fall to their lot.

As Banwamisa spoke the words "We are not hypocrites", my thoughts left Congo and centered in the churches at home where so many of us have talked about our work out here. Perhaps we have made a mistake in not presenting to the churches the very real problems that have to be faced daily out here. Perhaps we have been hypocritical in that we have stressed our victories and the rapid advance without telling you of the price paid. Our Congolese friend welcomed the new missionaries, but she did not want them to under-estimate the difficulties they will have to face here in this city. I like the approach that Banwamisa made. Let us not overestimate nor underestimate our job, but in the spirit of Christ and in true fellowship let us get on with it.

GEORGIA WOOD: MEMORIAL

—R. Armstrong

THE news has just come to us of the home going of Georgia Wood. After the death of his wife, Dr. Wood wrote:

"In 1910 we were married and a year later we went to Congo as missionaries. Georgia was much loved there as elsewhere. The Congo women said "She laughs with us." She gave herself without reservation. Shortly before our second term ended, she contracted African sleeping sickness. We arrived home in 1920.

A WIDENED HORIZON

By Rhoda Armstrong

MANY of you know, either by name or in person, Mattie Nsingani who is in charge of our mission dispensary in Leopoldville. "Mama Mattie" as we all lovingly call her, was one of the first two girls in all of Belgian Congo to take the five-year course in French that is required for nurses, successfully pass the examinations, and thus receive the government diploma of a registered nurse. Worthy daughter of a wonderful Christian mother, she has used her ability and training in a fine way. Although she is now married and the mother of five children, she still gives her time to the dispensary and the hundreds of patients who come seeking help, to the welfare clinic where the mothers come with their babies, and to those who send for her to come to them in their homes because they are too ill to go to the dispensary. Everywhere she gives a fine Christian witness.

It is no wonder that, when we were invited to send a Congolese woman to a meeting of African women, Mama Mattie was the unanimous choice. The meeting was to be held in Nigeria for the purpose of forming an auxiliary organization to the Baptist World Alliance. To many of us it seemed premature; we could not believe that African women were ready to envision an international fellowship when they are not even organized locally. But after much consideration and prayer, it seemed the right thing to participate in the meeting, and then the question arose of the

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Her illness baffled the doctors for a long time. In 1923, as a last hope, she was sent to the Rockefeller Institute in New York. Just at that time they had developed a new remedy for African sleeping sickness. (She was the First Patient to be treated with tryparsamide.) It helped her in an astonishing way when her case had seemed hopeless. This medical triumph was written up in journals of tropical medicine around the world.

"Because of her spirit, and her genius for friendship, Georgia was a great help in the work wherever she was located."

delegate. Living in a Belgian colony, French is the language that is used in higher schools, with the government, etc. None of our women could use English. And so it was that a missionary was chosen to accompany Mama Mattie to act as helper and interpreter.

The Journey

Air travel was advisable. There is no direct steamer connection between Congo and Nigeria, while tourist air travel is quick and comparatively cheap. It was a great experience for Mama Mattie to go this way, and many were the prayers offered in her behalf by her family and friends, that she might have a safe journey. She herself was very calm about it, but she enjoyed it thoroughly. As we flew along with the thick white clouds underneath us, I tried to explain to her that that is the way the ground might look at home after a fresh snowfall. The Kikongo word for snow is "white rain" which does not mean much to any one who has never seen snow.

We had to stop at Accra in the Gold Coast to change planes, and thus had an opportunity to see Achimota, the school that was founded by James Kwegyir Aggrey. Aggrey used to say "You can play a tune of sorts on the white keys of a piano, or you can play something on the black keys; but to have full harmony and real music, you must use both the white and black keys." And so the seal of the school shows part of a piano keyboard. We were glad to see the school with the beautiful, well equipped buildings, the students who looked alert and happy, and some of the work done there.

Mama Mattie confessed to some trepidation when we arrived in Lagos. She remembered the remarks of those who thought she had been foolish even to think of going where she would be a stranger in a strange land, not even knowing the language of the people. "I was sure that they would consider me quite a worthless person," she told us later. The first night was spent in a hotel, and much to our surprise, while we were still getting settled and rested after the journey, we were called down to the lobby. There sat four Nigerian women who had been sent to welcome us. Although I had to interpret when they and Mama

Mattie wanted to converse, there was no mistaking the immediate warmth of fellowship that was felt by us all. One of them said "We must thank God for your coming here and for your safe arrival", and right then and there in the hotel lobby, we bowed our heads while one of them led in prayer. Mama Mattie said "From that moment on, I knew that we are truly one family when we are the children of God; language is no barrier."

What We Saw

The Southern Baptist mission in Nigeria was host to the meeting, and they were generous with their time and efforts. The work has been going on for more than a hundred years, so they are much further advanced than we in the matter of trained African leaders. But it was a joy for us to see what can be done and what is being done; it encourages us to believe that the time is not too far off when we shall see something similar in Congo.

Because that section of Nigeria at least is very thickly populated, there are many mission stations within a comparatively small area and we were able to see a great deal during the day we spent there. Maternity work and orphanages were especially interesting to Mama Mattie; but her most vivid impression was of the work among women and girls. At *Abeokuta* there were schools for girls from the kindergarten up through teachers' training courses. Girls come from all over Nigeria and from as far away as the Gold Coast and the Cameroons by bus, train, ship, or plane. When these girls have finished their training, they become teachers, leaders in the women's missionary organizations, pastors' wives, or give their witness in some other way. They do not wait until they finish school, however, before starting their Christian work. On week ends they go to markets, homes, or different villages to bring the Gospel message in speech and song. As young girls can not travel by themselves, there are mature Christian women who accompany them and help in the meetings. This is all volunteer service. During vacations, they go to more distant villages, and sometimes spend weeks on a trip, usually going on foot.

The women's missionary union in Nigeria had a concern for other sections of the country, predominantly heathen or

strongly Moslem. They determined that they would send a home missionary as their own representative. A young man who had recently finished his seminary training had felt a special call to go into mission work, and he and his wife were chosen. They were present at the conference, and gave a report of their work. As they told of their call, some of the difficulties they had encountered, and the blessing that the Lord had poured on their work, their faces literally shone with joy. They are entirely supported by the women's union who not only pay their salary, but who have supplied a motorcycle for his work, and are building a residence and a church in the place where the missionary has his headquarters.

The Conference

The actual conference was held at Ede, a place which is built and equipped to take care of women's assemblies, camps, or conferences. Delegates had come from Sierra Leone, Liberia, Cameroons, South Rhodesia, (the delegate from South Africa had been unable to get travel papers to come), Gold Coast, Nigeria itself, and the Belgian Congo. Daily Bible study periods fed and helped us, reports from the work in these different countries were interesting and made us feel at one in the work. Especially interesting were two historical sessions, one on the growth of women's work in Nigeria, the other of Baptist fellowship around the world, culminating in the Baptist World Alliance and the women's organization connected with it, which now has unions in each of the continents. It was good for us to hear and see these representatives of the work in the different countries of Africa and to know that we are one in the Spirit. We trust that this is but the beginning of what will become a great united effort to go forward in the work for Christ in Africa.

Mama Mattie has returned from her journey with a widened horizon. Not only has she seen other countries and many interesting things, but she has caught a new vision of what a band of consecrated Christian women can do. She is untiring now in her talks to the women here, in her encouragement to them to undertake new and greater tasks, in her resolve that, we, too, shall measure up to our ability and opportunities.

REMY MALUTAMA, FRIEND OF ALL....

By Noé Diawaku

SINCE the penetration of the "Message of Christ" in the Congo, an idea has germinated in the hearts of all the missionaries: it is to raise the level of the Congolese — intellectually, morally and above all spiritually — to such a point that they in turn could witness to the same Message among their congener. The necessary measures have always been taken to attain this goal, and the result of it today is that certain Congolese have begun to have large responsabilities for the welfare of their brothers of the race. Among those who have dedicated themselves to this task, Remy Malutama, from our mission at Banza Manteke, is perhaps the best known.

Mr. Malutama was a man of heart. Already, after his primary and post-primary studies he had set out on the difficult career of which he had dreamed for years. To teach the youth of Congo was his principal occupation; yet at other times during his free hours, he went to preach in the villages which surround the mission where he worked. Because of the ardor of his work, he was not slow in gaining the affection of all his people. He was talked of in every part of the region and his wise counsel remembered always. His brother Congolese understood that he loved them even unto *l'heroisme* as the Belgian writer Jadot expresses it. This sympathetic attitude towards his own people earned for him great celebrity.

His vivid desire to aid his brothers persuaded him to continue his studies elsewhere. First he betook himself to the French Camerouns. After several years of hard work, he returned to his native country with new ambitions. He again gave himself completely to work which he had relinquished for several years. Personally, I will never forget the fruitful lessons which he gave me (in the secondary school at Banza Manteke) and his good example towards everyone will stay written forever in my heart.

At his return, his tribe which had been disheartened at his departure for the Camerouns, testified to him of an even greater confidence and were again invigorated by his leadership. But,

alas, this lasted only for a certain time until he must once more leave his country — this time for Belgium in order to pursue higher studies. His departure arranged, he left us for a term of three years. But even though physically very far away, spiritually he was always close to us until his return. Because of his brilliant success in Belgium, we all hoped that a great work would be accomplished by him.

His arrival in his own beloved country marked for us a new period in the history of the missionary task in the Congo. Monsieur Remy Malutama, holder of a diploma of high value, was now well prepared for a greater work than ever before. That was our hope — but our will was not the will of God. God has called him to Him for another work. These days we all are disconsolate and so many questions press at our hearts. But in all, only one answer is clear: Only God is Master of all his creatures. He must do what seems good to Him. May He console us during these unhappy days and guard in His hands the soul of His servant.

Noé Diawaku, the writer of the above testimonial, has just been graduated with highest honors from the Normal division of our Pastors' and Teachers' School at Kimpese. His class is the first to complete the advanced course in this our highest training school in the Congo. Noé, like Remy has dedicated himself to full-time Christian service in the teaching of Congo youth. Having been taught by Monsieur Malutama in the first cycle of secondary school at Banza Manteke, Noé, for some years now, has taken him and all that he stood for as an example and an ideal. Indeed it is our hope that he may some-day follow him in winning a higher diploma in Belgium or this country. At present, he is beginning his work as one of three Congolese who are full members of the EPI Kimpese faculty. Only the promise seen in young men like Noé Diawaku heals a bit the ache in our hearts caused by the loss of the one who pioneered the way.

MARTIN SAMUEL ENGWALL

ONE of the most perfect tributes ever paid to anyone Jesus said of John, "John was a lamp burning and shining." Since then, there have been thousands of Christ's followers who were also lamps that burned and shined and lighted the places where they lived and worked. One of the greatest rewards that we have as missionaries is that we live and work with so many of that kind of people. C. S. Lewis mentions this in one of his books, that God does not call us to do certain things so much as He calls us to be a certain kind of person.

In August, our field conference was in session at Banza Manteke. The senior missionaries of the station, Ruth and Martin Engwall, had shared in all the arduous duties of preparation for the conference. Martin was on some of the committees and was quite evidently enjoying having so many of his new and old friends on the station. He had not been in full health for many years but it did seem that he was going to fill out his full years up to retirement and possibly have several more with his children and grandchildren. The very day of his death he attended every meeting and in fact only left the conference hall about a half-hour before his final call. He passed away about ten o'clock in the evening on August 17th. The doctor called it Coronary Occlusion but to those of us who worked with him over a long period of years it is simply that he burned out the oil in his lamp. There was no flickering or smoking; the lamp was bright and shining right up to the last minute.

Probably there was no missionary in our society who was more loved by the African people than Martin Engwall. He was to conduct the communion service for us on Sunday evening; his communion meditation was to have been on Love with a plea to the younger folk to learn to love the Africans as themselves. Martin practised this all his life and was the one who could have said it with a clear conscience. There was consternation among the African delegates when we learned of his death. For the rest of us it was a shock even though we knew that his heart condition was such that he could have gone at any time. Their African

helper told me that Tata Engwall had instructed him how to shut off the motor and stop the car in case the heart failed while Martin was driving the car. The African helper then asked me how anyone could go on being happy knowing that death was imminent. I simply explained to him that for Martin, as a true child of God, the temporary life here turned into eternal life with Christ. He thought about this for a while and then he said, "Yes, I can understand. All over the Banza Manteke district the people are happy to come into the station because they know that Tata Engwall is here to welcome them when they arrive; now they will be happy to go to heaven because they know that he has gone on ahead and will be there to welcome them." It's nice to be associated with colleagues who so live that the Africans identify them with Jesus himself. "Ye are the light of the world."

In camps and services for youth throughout the home-land often a candle lighting service is held. From the first candle hundreds of others are lighted until the place that was without light becomes bright. So it is here. Throughout the whole of Lower Congo there are men and women shedding the light of Christian faith and Christian living because, at some time, they had come in contact with Martin Engwall. How often during conference when problems concerning the work at Banza Manteke were being discussed Martin would wave his hand at Philip Uhlinger and say, "Take it up with Phil; he is responsible now." The old candles burn down and are replaced with new ones. African leaders and younger missionaries receive the light.

Out of the first world war came a poem that touched the hearts of all who read it. "To you, from failing hands we throw the torch, Be yours to bear it high." So to the younger one who takes up where the older one lays down we say, "To you from burned out body we pass the Gospel Light; be yours to bear it high. And if you fail we shall not sleep on that sunny African hillside overlooking the Lunionzo valley."

— B. W. ARMSTRONG

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